

Fleſt of France Vol 1

LETTERS

ON THE

French NATION; K

By a *Sicilian GENTLEMAN,*
residing at *Paris,*

To his Friend in his own Country.

CONTAINING

An useful and impartial CRITIQUE,
on that CITY, and the *French*
NATION.

Translated from the Original,

By the AUTHOR of

Heaven open to all Men.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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By a French Gentleman

Residing at Paris

To his Friend in his Country.



Count

An Address by the French Critic

on the City and the French

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Advertisement.



HIS Sketch of the Genius of the *French Nation*, may, by the *Undiscerning* or *Pre-judic'd*, be liable to the following Questions, *viz.* Why, at this Time of Day, when our good Neighbours and we are on such friendly Terms, should such a Picture appear, as is here exhibited? Why so far back as in the Regin of *Lewis the XIVth*, when Things may be supposed to be so greatly altered for the Better, under the Influence of the *Royal Virtuys*, the *deep Penetration*, and *consummate Wisdom* of

their present *illustrious* Monarch, coun-selled in the Cabinet by so *pious* a Cardinal, and made so glorious in the Field by a *Brace* of Generals, so conspicuous for *Hu-manity*, and all the other *Qualities* that constitute *Heroes* of their Size and Complexion.

To the first it is answered, That the Translator would not have it doubted, but that he has as adequate a Notion of the *Glory* reflected on *Great Britain*, by its present Friendship with *France*, as any one can rationally have; that he foresees as clearly as any one, the *signal Benefits* that will be transmitted by it to latest Posterity; and is duly sensible of the high Obligation every *Englishman* owes to the *Integrity* and *Abili-ties* of all who have contributed to it; and therefore cannot but think such an impartial Likeness, by the Pencil of so disinterested a Foreigner, a seasonable Preventive of the ugly Representations some of the many not so *Frenchify'd* as their *Bettters*, may be apt to propagate, at this Juncture, so mortifying to all Gainsayers of our present Felicity.

To the second it is replied, that, without any Derogation from the auspicious Reign of *Lewis*

Lewis the well below'd, no Period can be better chosen to gratify the *Friends of France*, by a Picture of that Nation, than the ever-memorable *Æra of Lewis le Grand*.

— Who that remembers the princely Achievements of that immortal Monarch ! (for now we may speak out) of that *Solus contra Omnes* ! but will date the Grandeur and Politeness of that Kingdom from that Time, and think it the properest for such a Delineation as the Publick is here presented with ?

If the Style is objected to, as being in some Places, too tumid for the Epistolary Manner ; and in others, particularly in the Description of the Weather, and Winter, at *Paris*, as a little too exaggerated ; no more need be said, than that such an Objection can only be made by those who are Strangers to the Country, and Climate, of the Author of the Original. Those Instances excepted, he may be placed in that Class of Historians who stand in the fairest Light for the Veracity and Exactness of their Observations, and who would be useful to future Travellers, or Enquirers into the Men and Manners of foreign Nations.

If this proves so to the *now happy Britons*, whom Busines or Curiosity may lead to

to visit the Capital of their *new* Friends, we content ourselves with the sole Merit of a faithful Translation, resigning all the Thanks the Publick may think due for such a Present to it, where they ought to be ascrib'd.—

January 20. 1748. — (for now we may speak out) —
comes O'Nan, but will not the C-
say Postscript to this Rideshort from that
Time, say think it the proper time for such a
Dissertation as the Author is now pursuing
with i





LETTERS FROM PARIS.

LETTER I.

To Pollio.

Dear Friend,

Have been almost ten Years at Paris, and know not yet thoroughly that City. Don't imagine, that pleasurable Diversions, which are infinite in this great *Babylon*, hinder me to more acquaint myself in that Particular; on the contrary, it is those very Diversions that have extremely heightned

my



my Curiosity to know it better—During that Part of my Life which is past, I have had no Occasion for a Physician, because I have never been sick; I should blush if, having now got beyond the thirtieth Year of my Age, I should have Recourse to that Sort of Philosophers. The wisest of all Emperors wondered, that after that Period, Men should desire a second, to combat the Maladies of the Body. But should I assert, that I have never had a Vein opened, the Surgeons of *France* would not believe me, without seeing me naked.

* You who know my Way of Living, and my Disposition, can guess how I lead my Life in this Place. I commonly rise in the Morning, as soon as the Sun appears; but that great Luminary permits not itself to be seen often; which makes it to be held here in greater Veneration than are, in their Dominions, the Emperors of *China*, it being for one half of the Year, as it were, invisible. I am always wak'd early; the Crowing of the Cocks unseal my Eyes, and the Noise of Men and Horses compleat the Necessity of forsaking my Slumbers.

My principal Pleasure is to read, when I do not write, or to read and write at the same

* The Author's Manner of living at *Paris*.

same Time. Having ended my Morning Study, which is the Exercise of the Mind, I begin the Exercise of the Body, and that chiefly in Walking. When the Weather is fair, I get into beautiful and long Avenues, under the Shade of the Trees that compose them ; we call that, *to fetch a Walk*, an Amusement of such an Aversion to the Turks, and that seems so ridiculous to the Asiaticks ; so that I go several Miles every Day, without Travelling. For that Purpose, the King, in Favour to the Idle, orders a Garden to be kept up, the finest in Europe. I go to Bed as late as I can in the Evening, I examine myself on all the Transactions of the preceding Day ; after that, I pray to God to shut my Eyes, and to open them again in the Morning.

My Desires are always the same, of Food, and Raiment, and a Bed for my Repose. I let not my Appetite crave any Viands that one more delicate, or more rich than I am, is possessed of. In withdrawing from the Palaces of the Great, I am not ashame'd to enter into my own little Retreat. Dress enrich'd with Gold and Silver, would not cover my Body better than a Suit of plain Broad-Cloth. If I find myself under the Want of any Thing, I look for it in Seneca ; “ *Will you be rich ? Desire no-
thing.* ”

“*thing.*” I abstain from every Thing that is dear in the Purchase, and which one cannot buy without repenting of it. By that Moderation, I starve Sensuality; and if sometimes the Flesh rebels, the Avarice of the Fair Sex serves as a Remedy for its Revolt. I chuse rather to make Love to a *Susanna*, than to a *Dalilab*; and would not willingly part with my Hair, if I have not the Cutting it off to myself. As it is more difficult to be a *Zenocrates*, than to appear to be so, we shall always be Men, while there are Women; and the best Way is, to subject our Pleasures to us, and not ourselves to our Pleasures.

Foreigners are very welcome in this Country, provided they want nothing. They have no Call to any Thing, but to take their Pleasure; and some of them to sweep the Chimneys, which is the Prerogative of the *Savoyards*, who are met with in the Streets blacker than *Ethiopians*, and more stinking than a Synagogue.

As to the rest, I act the wise Man, and sometimes the Fool, which is no small Secret toward being well with all the World. I have writ, and even printed, and have obtained Approbation from the King to the Cottage. The King had given me a Pension

tion, and the War has taken it from me. The great Men honour me with Words; and the Men of Letters, with Incense and Smoke. The Women have pressed me to write new Books; but I cannot command one Word in their Favour, unless it has been in my amorous Fits; at such Times, my Muse, rude in Song, has produc'd Verses tenderer than those of *Guarini*.

As, in this Nation, all Occasions demand Expence, and not a little, if we have not two Guardian Angels, one for the Body, and another for the Purse, our own Voluptuousness, and the Avarice of others, first strip us to the Skin, and then send us to the Hospital. If I fail in the Furniture of my Pocket, I find myself possess'd of a Treasure I had not before.—I become a Flatterer. Here every Thing must be commended, and bad Things more than the good; nay, one is forc'd to applaud even Vice itself, to live in Peace with the young People. Notwithstanding I have declar'd War only against Hypocrisy, not enduring the Wickedness of dissembling with God and Men, to honour the Devil. I have learn'd to be a Doctor in Compliments, and especially *in asking Pardon*; that Sort of Ceremony has as little Meaning in *France*, as Sighs are common in *Spain*. Friendships,

Promises, Offers of Service, are here like the wild Notes of Nightingales, *Vox, vox, prætereaque Nihil.* No Compliment is made, or Civility done, but Pardon is always ask'd; after that, you may believe that the Injuries are readily forgiven; and if any one remembers to have been so offended, he wou'd not be a right *Frenchman*. To this I shall only add, that I am sincerely (and not *Alamode de Paris*)

Your Friend, &c.

LETTER II.

AS for *Paris*, I am at a Loss where to begin, to paint to you a City, whose Inhabitants live on the very Bridges of the River, and at the Tops of their Houses; and where the Women, who fancy themselves the only Mothers of a brave People, command over the Men. This great City is the Seat of Tumult; and since you desire some Description of it, I shall first remark the perpetual Noise that reigns there Night and Day.

When *Nero's Tutor* writ his Book *on the Tranquillity of Life*, I doubt not but he had

had in his Eye the Hackney-Coaches of his Time, in contrasting Repose to the eternal Din they occasion'd at *Rome*. There is here an infinite Number of them, ragged and dirty, and made to kill all those who use them. The Horses that draw them feed as they are drove along; like those that carry'd *Seneca* to his Villa, more Skeletons than Beasts of Labour. The Coachmen are so brutal, have such grating and frightful Voices, and the Clanks of their Whips so horribly increase the Uproar, that you wou'd think all the Furies were let loose, to make of *Paris* a real Hell. This villainous Vehicle is pay'd by the Hour; a Custom invented to shorten the Days, at a Time when Life itself is so short.

* Moreover, the Multitude of great Bells, suspended at the Tops of numberless Towers, rends the first Region of the Air with their doleful Sounds, to call the Living to Prayers, and to procure Rest for the Dead. Thus the Ears pay dear for the harmless Pleasures the other Members of the Body partake in.

If formerly an Emperor had Folly enough to compute the Extent of *Rome*, by weighing

* Noise of the Bells.

ing all the Cobwebs, which he order'd to be gather'd together throughout the Circuit of that great City, the Extent of *Paris* may with much more Reason be measur'd by the immense List of Footmen, Law-Suiters, and Pick-pockets to be met with there ; those altogether, compose one third of this numerous People.

† Add to this, the Howlings and Cries, of all those who pester the Streets in selling Greens, Milk, Fish, Water and a Thousand other Necessaries ; and I am perswaded there is no Man living, born Deaf, who wou'd be so much his own Enemy, as to consent to receive his Hearing at the Price of being stunn'd by that Diabolical Clamour.

|| The Privation of Sight is here mighty civilly treated. I never have seen so great a Number of the Blind ; they strole through all the Town without a Guide, and pass several of them together, amidst an infinity of Carts, Coaches and Horses, with as much Security as if they had Eyes in their Feet. They live all together in a spacious Mansion, call'd *L'Hôpital des Quinzevingts* ; or, *The Hospital for three Hundred*, where they

•
† The Cries of *Paris*. || The blind People.

they are fed by the Alms of the People, in Memory of three hundred *French* Gentlemen, who, in Times past, had their Eyes dug out by an Order of a *Sultan* of *Egypt*. They marry, beget Children, and enjoy themselves merrily. Above all, they forget not to torment the *Devoté* in the Churches, of whom they beg Charity with a Copper Dish in one Hand, and a long Staff in the other, and in as loud a Voice, as if Christians were the same Statues the Cynic of *Athens* formerly apply'd to for Help to learn Patience.

* The Houses seem to be built by Philosophers, rather than by Architects, so homely are they on the Outside; but are pretty well ornamented within. Yet nothing rare is seen in them, except their Tapestries, with which, instead of wainscoting, they cover their Walls; the Embellishment of Sculpture not being in Use in *France*.

The Great are distinguish'd by not descending to do one good Thing for others; and by a great Number of Beasts, and Animals on two Legs, always in their Train when they are seen in their Coaches, the
Horses

* The Houses.

Horses and Coach take Place of the Footmen, but these mount behind in Troops, upright on their Feet, like the *Colossus of Rhodes*, and embrace one another in so indecent a Posture, as if they were entering in Triumph into the City of *Pentapolis*.

† It is no Exaggeration, to say that *Paris* is one continued Inn, so many Vict'ling-Houses, and Hosts ! So many Taverns, and Vintners ! The Kitchens are always smoaking, because the People are always eating ; to breakfast, and to eat all Day long, is the same Thing in *France*. The *French* chuse not the Spices of the East ; not that they mislike those costly Seasonings, but because, as they are the Delight of the *Italians*, and *Spaniards*, they will not imitate other Nations, even in Things that are good. They are not Niggards ; their Tables are always plentiful ; they drink little at a Time, but often ; and never call for a Glafs, but they desire their Guests to do the same.

* The Common People get Drunk only on Holy-days, on which they do nothing else, but on Work-Days labour diligently. There is not a People in the World more industrious, but who save less, because they

† Inns, or Taverns. * The People.

they bestow all on their Bellies and Backs. Nevertheless, they always seem contented with their Condition, and lay this down as a Maxim, *Vive bodie cras incertum.*

Luxury * is here in such Excess, that whoever would enrich three hundred deserted Cities, it would be sufficient to demolish *Paris*. One is dazzled with an Infinity of Shops, where nothing is sold that is useful ; judge of the Number of others, where only Things necessary are to be had. When Leisure permits, I shall give you a more particular Account. In the Interim, come what will, I am

Entirely Yours, &c.

LETTER III.

THE River, called the *Sein*, passes through the Midst of the City ; it brings to it every Thing requisite for the Sustenance of a Million of People ; its Waters are placid and salutary ; Men and Beasts drink of them ; but they must always be paid for, be they clear or muddy.

C

Things

* Luxury.

Things necessary for Life are met with in Abundance, and in all Parts of the City. *Themistocles* would have found in every Street of *Paris* the three Towns allotted him by the King of *Perſia*, one for his Table, and the two others for his Wine and Wardrobe. There is an unlimited Choice; and every where, either for Necessity, or Pleasure, Pleasure being as much fought after as Matters of Necessity; such a Dominion over Men have Things vain and useless.

In dry, as well as wet Weather, one must often walk through the Dirt, as all the Filth is thrown into the Streets, the Vigilance of the Magistrate suffices not to have them kept clean; notwithstanding, the Ladies saunter through them like Mules. In former Times, Men could not go on Foot in *Paris*, without Boots, which made a *Spaniard* ask, seeing them in that Plight, if all the Town were taking Post.

There are several Bridges on the River, some of them of Wood, and others of Stone; on some of them are built many fair Houses, and several Shops well stor'd with valuable Ware; but *Pont-neuf*, or the *new Bridge*, appears more worthy of the City, than of the River. It is supported by twelve great Arches of mafsy Stone. It is large and

and stately ; and it is there chiefly that Coaches, Horses, Carts, and People, are Day and Night in continual Motion. In the Middle of it is an Equestrian Statue of *Henry the Great*, elevated on a magnificent Pedestal ; Majestick, and worthy so great a King. It looks as if the Brass, lifeless as it is, still breath'd the martial Ardour of that warlike Prince ; so to the Life has the Artist represented him.

The Women are the handsomest and homeliest Ornament of the City, because the Beautiful among them are few, yet surpass in Agreeableness all the Women in the World, which gives them the Pre-eminence over our Sex. They easily persuade, gain all, and lose nothing. They have the Privilege to command their Husbands, and to obey no Body. The Liberty of this Sex is here more unbounded, than that of the *Arabs* in their Strollings, who never lye at Night where they rose in the Morning. They are equally acute, and eloquent. They set themselves to publick View in the Busines of their Shops, and Places of Trafick, are not inferior to the Men in the Art of Counting, or Cozenage, and of selling dear even the Things that lye upon their Hands. The Ladies love little Dogs most passionately, and careſſ them as tenderly as if they were of the Race that followed *Toby*.

Those who pique themselves on Scholarship give no Quarter ; and when the Logick of Love enters into their Heads, there is not a *Zenocrates* so obstinate, that would not let himself be perfuaded. Some accompany the Poets to *Parnassus* ; and as an Ignorance even in useless Acquirements is held among them a Disqualification, almost all the Women pride themselves in having had Tutors to instruct them, and in coming Adepts out of some of those female Academies ; so, some write, and bring forth Books ; the wiser Sort only bring forth Children ; the godliest administer to the Sick, the most abstemious eat as often in a Day as the *Mussulmen* say their Prayers ; it being the Custom of their Country to salute the rising Sun with a Crust of Bread in their Hands. They all dress becomingly, are to be seen at all Times, love the Conversation of the Gay, range over all the Town when they think fit ; and their Door is ever open to those who have once been within it. They hate no Body, if it be not when they are banter'd on the Points that *Lamia* gave *King Demetrius* to understand were an Affront to the Sex ; that is to say, when a Man brags of what he does not, and when he keeps not his Word with them. They often change the Mode of their

their Drefs, as they not unfeldom vary their Complexions.

Some there are, who when they go from home forget to shut their Doors, with Contempt of the Thieves, because they carry about them all they have to lose. Those of Rank draw behind them a long Train of Gold, or Silk, with which they sweep the Churches, and the Gardens. They have all the Privilege of wearing Masks on all Occasions, to conceal, or discover themselves, as they please; and under one of black Velvet, they sometimes enter into the Churches, as to a Ball, or a Play-house, unknown to their Husbands, and as if unknown to God. The Handsome command over the Men as if they were Queens; over their Husbands, as if they were Men; and over their Lovers, as if those were their Slaves. They know not what it is to nurse their Children, to live retir'd in their Families, or to weave *Penelope's* Web, and laugh at *Hercules's* Spindle; and by enjoying this Liberty, they boast of bringing into the World Captains, and Scholars, with whom this Country indeed abounds; here being more Soldiers and Professors of Letters, than are of the Superstitious, and of Astrologers in *India*, and *Asia*.

They

They readily love, and readily admit of it ; but neither love long, nor enough. Marriages, which heretofore were for Life, are at present only for a Time ; thence, voluntary Divorce frequently happens in Families of the greatest Discretion ; after which, the Husband lives quietly in the Country, and the Wife enjoys herself at *Paris*.

Jealousy is scarcely ever to be met with ; rarely a Man, who much troubles himself about the Backslidings of his Wife ; and very rarely a Woman, who sacrifices to *Diana*. A Kiss, which in *Turkey*, in *Italy*, and in *Spain*, is the Prelude to Adultery, is here but a mere Civility ; and if that courteous *Perfian*, who made so many mysterious Journies to kiss but three Times the amiable *Cyrus*, had been a *Parisian*, he would not have made any great Account of the Pleasure he had. They never visit but the Kiss is exchang'd ; but it is like a Piece of Money that is current at the Value stamp'd upon it ; and as that Lip-Commerce is a Merchandize that costs nothing, that goes for nothing, and that every where abounds, none are sparing in parting with it, and few covetous to participate of it.

* Levity is the fifth Element of the *French*. They are Lovers of Novelty ; and do all they can not to keep a Friend long. They fuit themselves to all Occasions ; they invent, every Day, new Fashions for their Drefs, and, weary of living in their own Country, sometimes take a Flight into *Af-
fia*, sometimes into *Africa*, a few into *Spain*, many to *Italy*, and a Multitude of different Nations, merely to change Place, and to divert themselves. Those who can-
not travel, do with their Houses as they do with their Garments ; they often shift their Dwelling for Fear, say they, of growing old in the same Situation.

The Taylors have more Trouble to invent, than to make up ; and when a Suit lasts longer than the Life of a Flower, it is reckoned on the Decay. From thence springs the Generation of † Brokers, a rascal-
ly Crew, and lineally descended from *Old
Israel*. Their Profession is to buy and sell old Rags, and cast-off Cloaths ; and they live sumptuously, by stripping some, and vamping others. A Conveniency commo-
dious enough in a City so peopled ; where such as would not be seen a great While in the same Habit, may change it at a mode-
rate

* The Levity of the *French*. † The Brokers.

rate Loss ; and those who have none, be furnish'd with one at a small Expence. In fine, that which is the most incredible, is, that if a hundred thousand Clients should come, in one Day, out of the Clutches of their Attorneys, stripp'd to the Skin, there is to be sold in this City Shirts and Cloaths enough to cover their Nakedness. But tho' I am in this Region of Inconstancy, be assured it shall never affect

Your sincere Friend.

LETTER IV.

* **T**HE French Idiom is a notable Mixture of the *Latin*, *Italian*, and *Spaniſh*. It is agreeable only to such as comprehend it well. They eat Half of their Words. They write not as they speak, and have a Pleasure in speaking so as not to be understood, so rapid and quick is their Pronounciation ; tho', at present, their Language is refin'd, and thought to be graceful.

As they care not to converse on present Occurrences, they always talk of Things to come, seldom of what is past, and never of

An-

* The Language.

Antiquity. They think it absurd in the *Spaniards* to unearth distant Ages ; and they desire only new Books, young Horses, and Friends just found out.

* A right *Frenchman* is known by four Things ; when the Clock strikes, when he asks a Question, when he makes a Promise, and when he talks of his Amours : Assoon as the Clock begins to sound, he asks what the Hour is ; he would have his Friend answer before the Question is propos'd ; he does only that which he promises not ; and for his Amours, he has more Pleasure in publishing his Mistress's Favours, than in receiving them.

If Change of Weather obliges the *French* to cloath themselves in Woollen in a Morning, and in Silk in the Afternoon, the Levity of their Minds prompts them no less to change their Manner of Living, and the Fashion of their Dress.

Luxury would be rather a Benefit than a Vice, if it were only the Rich that liv'd splendidly ; but Envy, and Imitation, propagate that Contagion among others to whom it proves ruinous. It would therefore seem, that *Paris* approaches fast to its End, if what an Ancient says be true, that

unbounded Expence is an evident Sign of a dying City. But as, at present, the Footmen and Coachmen wear Scarlet and Plumes, and Gold and Silver are become so common, as to be seen on the Backs of those, it is likely so destructive a Profusion will cease, there being nothing that sets the Richness of Dress into so contemptible a Light to the Great, as to see it descend to the Little. The King alone is obey'd ; and there is none of the first Eminence but must keep Measures with the Meanest. When you have render'd the Master his Due, with the Remainder you may live like a *Greek*. No one is oblig'd to un-hat in the Streets, be it to whom it will, except to the *Host*, when it is carried to the Sick. The Dreggs of the People have the same Privilege. They give not the Way to any one, admit not of the least Affront, and make themselves more troublesome than their Betters ; being quite Strangers to the Humility of Republicks, where many Masters Lord it over an Infinity of Slaves.

There are no People more imperious, and more insolent. They profess the Character of doing nothing at Night of what they promised in the Morning. They say, that they are the only Persons in the World who have the Prerogative to break their Word without a Breach of Honesty ; and this, be-

because they imagine they solely, of all Mankind, know how to enjoy true Liberty.

* Building must be very dear. A little Chamber lets for more than ten Houses in *Muscovy*. Mine, where *Plato* would not have slept, nor *Diogenes* have found any Thing superfluous, costs me as much as ten *Cynicks* would have clubb'd for ; yet all its Furniture consists in an indifferent Tapestry that covers four narrow Walls, a Bed, a Table, a few Chairs, a Looking-glaſs, and the King's Picture.

† Bad Things are dearer than the Good. Figs, tho' very bad, sell for more than Melons do in *Spain*. Certainly *Eve* would not have disobey'd God in Paradise, if the forbidden Fruit had been one of those Figs. But in Place of them, the Pears are excellent.

Oranges, and Lemons, may be put in the first Clas of dear Things, because they come from *Italy*, and *Portugal* ; and they are more esteem'd than other Fruits. Such is the Nature of Man, that looks on nothing to be good but what is dear.

‡ Wine is of a moderate Price without the Gates of the City ; but when it is
D 2 brought

* Letting Lodgings. † Their Fruit. ‡ The Wines.

brought within them, it is turn'd into potable Gold ; a small Quantity costs more than a Cask of it in the Country. The Opulent, who drink it at the Tavern-measure, find this Liquor dearer than others. There are so many Vintners that they wou'd people a great City. They may almost all be called Saints, for the Virtue they have to multiply their Store, by changing Water into Wine ; that is to say, in making *Bacchus* an Adulterer. Adieu. Believe me yours in the best Degree of Friendship.

LETTER V.

* **I**F you ever come to *Paris*, beware of setting a Foot into the Shops, where the useless Things are sold. At your Entrance, the Shop-keeper, in a Flow of Words, gives you a Description of all he has to sell, and flatters and allures you insensibly, and with many low Cringes, to lay out your Money in something ; prating so unmercifully that you are tir'd, and stunn'd. He begins with laying before you what is not ask'd for, not producing till afterwards, what is ; and then he talks, and acts his Part so well, that you are drawn in to lay out every Penny you have, in Trumpery he puts on you for greatly more than it is worth ;

* Tradesmen.

worth ; and so it is, that they make themselves amends for their pretended Courtesy, and the continual Pains they take to display needlessly, and a hundred Times a-Day their Wares to the Curious, who would see all, and buy nothing. — If Things unuseful enhance our Money as much as the useful, the *Roman Censor* said right, — *What is purchas'd for a Farthing is too dear, when it is not necessary.*

+ To Day it rain'd in the Morning, at Noon it was fair, afterwards it snowed ; and all of a sudden, arose a Storm with Rain again that lasted two Hours ; at length, the Air clear'd up, and then the Sun re-appear'd, which brought on a very agreeable Evening. Such is the Climate of *Paris*. A hot Night after a cold Morning, the Elements in a perpetual Motion, the Seasons almost always irregular, the Firmament never in Repose, and its Influences ever unequal. There is no Duration but in the bad Things, especially in their Winter, which lasts eight Months with all the Severities of that Time of the Year, and which succeed to one another, Rain, Snow, Hail, Frost, Hoarfrost, and a clouded Sky that hides the Sun for Months together. It is therefore no great Wonder that the *French*, according to the Intemperature of their Air, shou'd be so extreme-

+ Variety of the Weather.

extremely various ; and that the Ladies, at one and the same Time, carry a Muff in one Hand, and a Fan in the other.

* In Lent the People flock to Church, in the Morning, with great Devotion ; and, in the Evening, to the Play-House, with the same Eagerness. There are several Theatres that are always open, to entertain those who love such Shows ; at one is the Opera, and at the others, Comedies and Tragedies. Each Company strives to enhance the Spectators ; but the Crowd is at that where they laugh most ; for that Reason it is, that the *Italian* Comedians profit more than the *French*, by the popular Simplicity.

Sollicitors, Quacks, Gamesters and Footmen, are among the singular Ornaments of *Paris*. The First teach us not to go to Law, least they should swallow up all we have by their Chicanery. The Second make us live temperately, that we may not fall into their Hands, and be murder'd by their Medicines. The Gamesters excite our Vigilance to keep our Money. And the Footmen have found the Secret to make us taste the Pleasure of serving ourselves, *that we may not*, as the Scripture says, *have Enemies in our Houses*. They say among themselves, that the *German* Servants are the Companions

* The Theatres.

nions of their Patrons, that the *English* Servants are Slaves, the *Italian* respectful, the *Spanish* submissive; but that they, the Valets of *France*, are the only ones who command their Masters. Their Insolence indeed is extreme; and the King has prohibited them, under severe Punishment, from carrying Sticks in their Hands, with which they every Day committed new Disorders; and the more, as there are above a hundred Thousand of them, capable of all Sorts of Mischiefs.

* The Place where the Parliament assembles, makes a City in the Midst of the City itself; this Place is only frequented by those who defend their own Property, or usurp that of others. *Diogenes*, with his Lanthorn, would not find there two Friends, or one Man contented.

† Attorneys, who are in Troops in all the Towns in *France*, are here by Thousands. They are a choice Species of Men, to bring down those who are fat, and to hinder the Lean from growing fatter. It would seem that Princes suffer them not but to the End of keeping up a Civil War among their Subjects, believing, if they were not occupied all their Lives in wrangling for

* Courts of Judicature. † Attorneys.

their own Right, and in claiming that of others, the Royal Authority would be in Danger by their Intrigues, and Commotions.

When I enter into the great Hall, I see a vast Number of People in a mighty Heat, of whom one half torments the other, by obstinate Contestations that have lasted for Years, and been supported by the diabolical Artifices of the Lawyers. Their Robe is long and black, to shew how fatal it is to every one; they wear on their Heads four corner'd Caps, like Priests; and in that Equipage lead their Clients, as so many Victims, to the Altar of *Justinian*.

Their Armour is the Tongue, the Pen, and a Purse, with the two first, they defend, and ruin their Clients, and with the Purse they plunder them. They make not an End of the Processes, till the Parties have no more Money to continue them; and when they are determin'd, there remains nothing to the last, but a Heap of waste-paper fill'd with a Sort of magical Terms. It is in this Field of Battle, where Father and Son, Husband and Wife, Master and Servant, wage War against one another by Dint of the Pen, with Menaces, Outrages, and Calumnies; and where are seen real Violences, Trusts disown'd, Thefts of Guardians, and the Tears of Widows and Orphans.

When,

When, at the End of a great many Years, the Plaintiff recovers, his Victory reduces him to Beggary. — This Busines of going to Law, has something humorous in it. Two Adversaries solicit Day and Night, the same Judge; one of them to be left with his Shirt, and the other to go naked; for Experience shews but too much, that he who gets the Day, has scarce Cloaths left to put on; and he who loses it, not wherewithal to cover his Nakedness.

* The Books in a great Counsellor's Library are like Fish in the Sea, of which one Part destroys the other. A Million of the Dead are ranged in Battle-Array, one against another, to maintain Discord in all the Families of the Living, so far are the Opinions of these Doctoral Interpreters of the Laws, opposite, doubtful, and variable. It is thus, that the Laws of *Justinian*, and all other Princes, are corrupted, violated, or confounded by these ignorant or wicked Expounders. Who either comprehend not the Meaning of them, or make a Trade of finding in them a Sense unknown to any but themselves, little troubling their Heads, or Hearts, how their subtil Interpretations become the Source of an Infinity of mischievous

E Dif-

* Counsellors.

Disputes. — The *Spanish* Proverb seems to me to be perfectly just, *Who begins a Law-Suit plants a Palm-Tree*, a Tree that never yields its Fruit to him who plants it. The *Mahometans* are much happier; their *Bastinado* finishes more Causes in two Days, than all the Lawyers in so many Years. The *Romans* were not agreed among themselves on the Fashion of their Tribunals; *Cato* wou'd have had the Floor all stuck with sharp Points, to tear the Feet of the Wranglers; and *Marcellus*, on the contrary, that it shou'd be render'd commodious, and well cover'd from the Inclemency of the Weather, to the End that every one might be led thither to multiply their Suits.

* The Physicians cure, and kill the Sick here, as in all other Parts of the World. When they approach the sick Person, instead of knowing his Malady, they ask him what it is. There is no Remedy more sure to preserve a long and happy Life, than to keep out of their Hands. A Latin Poet, speaking of a young *Roman*, who went to Bed in good Health, says, He dyed suddenly in the Night, and that, because a Physician appear'd to him in a Dream. What I think to be most unjust, is, that the Doctor who kills is equally pay'd with him who cures; and

* Physicians.

and that there is no stated Judge to punish the Ignorant.

* The most dexterous Practice, is that of certain Thieves they call Pick-Pockets ; their Trade is subtler than *Glauber's* ; if he has shewn to turn Lead into Gold, these make Gold out of nothing. They steal so cleverly, that, if it were not a Shame to let Oneself be robb'd, it wou'd be a kind of Pleasure to be so, by Fellows so artful and acute. *Hercules* wou'd never have known who purloin'd his Cattle, if *Cacus* had been a Thief of *Paris*. In Truth, who ventures out by Night, is in Danger of becoming as naked as our first Parents ; and who sleeps in the Day, gives often the Lye to *Aristotle*, who says there is no Void in Nature ; for those who watch not sufficiently, find nothing in their Coffers, or in their Hous-es. These Rascals are always punish'd ; but it is when they are catch'd, and do not their Busines like Workmen.

The Animal Species are more harmless than in any other Region of the World; there are no Serpents, and but few Kinds of venomous Beasts.— What is wonderful, is, to see that the Horses, which are the

E 2 most

* Pick-Pockets.

most stately Creatures, lose in this Place, their Spirit, and grow gentler than the Asses of *Arcadia*. The *French* force them to do what they will, they come little short of making them fall on their Knees, as the *Turks* do the Camels of their Caravans. They whip them, they beat them; and when they know not how to torment them longer, they reduce them to the villainous Figure of an Ape, by cutting off their Tails, and Ears; thence the Proverb, that *Paris is the Paradise of Women, the Purgatory of Men, and the Hell of Horses.*

* As for Religion, no People seemingly more devout, Priests more grave, a Clergy more orderly, and the Recluse of better Example. The Commonalty frequent the Churches with an Appearance of Piety; the Men of Business, to ask of God Prosperity in their Affairs; it is the Great only who come there to divert themselves, to talk, and to make Love; now and then, you shall see some enter with their Boots on, very contrary to the Respect the Musselmen shew on such Occasions, who, before they go into their Mosques, leave their Shoes at the Door.

† Tho' they live here to a great Age,
yet

* Devotion. † Attire.

yet you seldom see an old Man; they wear no Beards, nor their own Hair, and cover, with great Care, the Ravage of Years with the Hair of other People, which gives them perpetual Youth. Since Periwigs have been in Use, the Heads of the Fair-Sex, whether Dead or alive, bear a great Value, it being the Custom that the Sepulcher of the Women, shou'd furnish the finest Ornaments for the Heads of the Men.

All Dress. Ribbands and Lace are the Things without which the *French* cannot live, and tho' they are a People of the least Reflection in the World, are prodigious fond of Looking-Glasses. Gold and Silver are become so common, as I have said, that they shine on the Cloaths of all Sorts of People, and immense Luxury has confounded the Master with the Servant, and the Meanest of the Populace with the most Eminent. Every one wears a Sword, and *Paris* resembles the *Utopia* of *Sir Thomas More*, where there is no Distinction of Persons. But lest I should seem prolix, I will only detain you whilst I add, that I am with the greatest Sincerity,

Yours, &c.

L E T-

LETTER VI.

THIS is the Region of Pleasure. Lovers sigh not long, Jealousy torments no Body. French Soldiers go to Death for Diversion, and the Sorrowful never appear in Publick. Musicians so abound, from the greatest Lady to the lowest serving Woman, and from the finest Gentleman to the undermost Lackey, that every one sacrifices to *Orpheus*; That is, every one sings, and more in publick Places, and in Gardens, and Walks, than in private. A Frenchman laughs at the Philosopher, who observes, in his Politicks, that the Poets have never made *Jupiter* sing, because they thought singing unworthy of a God.

As every Thing is dear at *Paris*, so the very Dead pay not a little for the Right to be buried; so that a Man who gives up the Ghost is less troubled to die, than to satisfy the Physician that kills him, and the Curate that puts him in the Grave.

* Here the learned are as numerous as the Ignorant at *Constantinople*. There are seve-

* Academies.

several Academies, where Gentlemen are entertain'd in the Study of liberal Knowledge. The two most famous, is that for the *French Language*, and the *Academy of Sciences*. The last is compos'd of several Philosophers, who think themselves more enlighten'd than the Ancients, and pretend to discover, every Day, new Mysteries in Nature; the other is a Company of *sublime Spirits*, who teach the Beauties of the *French Tongue*, and who fancy to have render'd that Nation the most Eloquent in the whole World. The *University* is also a celebrated Academy, where the Youth are exercis'd in the Principles of natural Things; and the *Sorbonne* a renown'd Seminary, where Theology shews how to speak of the Mysteries of Religion; and from thence, they will have it, issue the first Men in *Europe* for Learning, and Virtue.

† I have heard it said, that their Alchymists are as numerous as their Cooks, but their Art yields them a very unprofitable Knowledge. They are computed at five or six Thousand, who must be unhappy enough, to receive for their Labour and Affiduity, only Vapour and Smoke, the common Recompence obtain'd by the Votaries to an Art rich in Hopes, liberal in
Pro-

† Alchymist.

Promises, and fertile in Pain and Fatigue ; whereof, the Beginning is, to lye ; the middle, to labour ; and the End, to beg Alms.

* Booksellers, and Printers, hold the first Rank among the Mechanicks. There is no City in the World where there are so many new Books, and where the Difficulty of getting them to be printed is greater. Many Persons write on Subjects curious and noble ; but they are almost all poor. Moral Subjects are chiefly the Taste of the *French*, and they treat of them with great Delicacy. They translate likewise, and publish many *Greek*, *Latin*, *Italian* and *Spanish* Authors ; a sure Sign of the Indigence of Writers, the Wealth of Booksellers, and of the Benefit arising to the Publick from the Application of the Men of Letters. The Booksellers grow rich without understanding the Books they sell ; and it is to them *Quevedo* says, that they are tormented in the next World for other People's Works. Adieu my Friend, tho' the Sea divides us I live in Hopes you don't forget me, but will steal some Moment from your Business to write to

Your humble Servant.

L E T-

* Booksellers.

LETTER VII.

EVERY Thing is found at *Paris* that can be desir'd, and is found immediately; and the World furnishes no Invention, to give a Gust to the Pleasures of Life, that is not practised there. The *Peripateticks* and the *Stoicks* never endeavour'd so much to reform the Manners, as their Cooks study to gratify the Palate. Every Day new Sauces, and new Ragoos; and the *French*, tired with usual Fare, have found the Way to mollify the bare Bones of Animals, and to make delicious Messes of them. It is dear living, tho' in so plentiful a Place. The Bread is good, it is white, and well made; and a single Loaf is sometimes so big, that it suffices a whole Family for several Days; which made a Drole say, That if such great Loaves had been in Use in *Judea* in the Time of *Messias*, the five thousand *Jews* who fed on them, wou'd have been more astonished at the Oven, than the Miracle.

Nevertheless, tho' in a City so abundant, who has nothing, can have nothing; that is to say, that Fire and Water are inter-

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dicted to those who have no Money, as they were to Criminals among the *Romans*. I do not think there can be a Hell upon Earth more terrible than to be poor at *Paris*, to see Oneself continually in the Center of all Pleasures, without the Power to taste any of them.—Amidst all this great Plenty, are seen an infinite Number of miserable Objects ; who beg in a Tone, as if they sung ; they seem frozen with Cold in the Winter ; and in the Spring, they present you with Flowers, to obtain your Compassion.

Few here have any Faith in Inchantments, or Sorceries, and seldom in the Possess'd. * Adultery passes for Gallantry ; even with the Husbands ; who quietly see Love made to their Wives : And they are in the Right ; it is a great Folly in the jealous *Italians* to plant their Honour in so frail a Place.

Every Thing is sold, except the Art to keep a Secret ; the *French* say, That is the Busines of a Confessor ; and that, as for themselves, they only conceal Things that are of no Moment, and not committed to them as Secrets, and of which therefore they have no Itch to talk.

* Gallantry,

* Courtesy is more studied in *France*, than in *China*. It is practised very politely among Persons of Quality, the Citizens mix Affectation with it ; and the Vulgar perform it very grossly ; every one makes an Art of it according to his own Manner ; there are Masters who teach it, and one Day lately I met a Woman in the Street, genteel enough in her Appearance, who offer'd herself to sell me Compliments, and to let me have a good Bargain of them. This Woman, and such as she, goes about to their Houses ; she there displays her Merchandise, and gets a Livelyhood by it.

Strangers are much caref's'd ; they come hither from all Parts of the World, to see the *King*, who is handsome and polite, and would look the *fine Gentleman* in private Life ; but from the Strength of his own Paffion for false Glory, and the Adulation of his Courtiers, is so immeasurably ambitious, as to be a Scourge to his Neighbours, and the Instrument of much Perplexity to himself, ever occupied in extending his Views, *per fas & nefas*, towards the universal Monarchy of this Quarter of the Globe. Those Strangers, at the same Time that they come hither to contemplate the Grand

F 2

deus

* Courtesy.

deur of this Monarch, or to penetrate his Designs, enjoy all the Delights that can flatter the Senses ; but as the King loves no Scents, that of *Smelling* is left out of the Number ; every one thinks himself oblig'd to hate Sweets, and the Ladies die away at the Sight of a Flower. Thus the most delicate Personages are denied the Gratification of Odours, which the *Italians* and *Spaniards*, and all the Nations of *Aisa* are so very fond of. Besides, being depriv'd of that Antidote, they are continually devour'd by the poisonous Smells of the Streets, and the Stench of the Sewers which wou'd float the *Ship of Ptolomy*.

There are many Masters who teach the foreign Languages. The *Italian*, and *Spanish*, are more in Fashion than the others, and have many Disciples. The Ladies especially, curious to understand those two Tongues, and to speak them accurately, spare not their Pains, and they succeed. History, and the great Events of the World, are written here with much Exactness. They represent even on their Almanacks all the Battles and Conquests of Towns, and all considerable Actions that pass by Sea or Land ; and Care is taken to embellish that Representation with several Devices and significant Figures.

* Every

* Every Year, in their Lent, there is a remarkable Fair held, called the *Fair of St. Germains*. It is kept in a spacious Place, which they fill with Shops, where an infinite Number of Tradesmen expose to Sale the finest, and richest Goods that are made, or to be met with in this great City. There likewise are to be had all Sorts of Liquors for the inferior Rank of People, Wines and Confectionary ; and all Kinds of valuable Household-stuff.—All the Town flock thither ; but rather for Diversion, than to buy. The craftiest Lovers, the prettiest Wenches, and the most dexterous Pick-pockets, make in it a continual Crowd ; there is no Stealth of the Heart, or filching of the Purse, but is practis'd there ; and, as the Concourse is always great and constant, Adventures singular enough in Thefts, and Gallantries, frequently fall out. The Purses have the same Destiny with the Souls of *Pythagoras*, they pass from one to another by an invisible Transmigration. Formerly the *King* came thither ; but at present has disus'd it. The chief Diversion is at Night ; when a vast Number of Lights, rang'd in all the Shops, render the Fair more brilliant, and more magnificent, conceal better the Flaws in the Ladies Faces, and give

* *Fair of St. Germains.*

give to other Pleasures a Relish more delicate, and more agreeable.

* The Invention to illuminate *Paris*, during the Night by an Infinity of Lights, deserves, that Nations the most distant should come and see what the *Greeks* and *Romans* never thought of in the Polity of their Commonwealths. The Candles incloſed in Lanthorns of Glass, suspended in the Air, and at equal Distance, are plac'd in admirable Order; they are lighted up at once, and burn the whole Night. This Sight has so fine an Effect, and is so well-design'd, that *Archimedes* himself, was he now living, could add nothing to it more pleasing, and more useful. These nocturnal Fires are an extreme Benefit to all People, they contribute to the publick Safety, which is so much the publick Care, that, besides that Security, several Bands of Persons, some on Foot, and others on Horseback, patrole throughout the Night over all the Town, to prevent Murders, Robberies, and Disorders of all Kinds, which formerly were committed with Impunity, under Covert of the Darkness.—This is what makes *Paris*, if you will except the terrible Noise of it, Night and Day, the safest and pleasantest great

* Lights in the Night-time.

great City in the Universe. No more now, but that I wish you here, which would be the highest Satisfaction to

Your Friend, &c.

LETTER VIII.

* **I** Return to the fine Garden of the *Tuilliers*, the Beauty whereof charms the very Blind, who take their Walks there every Day of the Summer. As it is form'd for the Delight of those who think themselves a great People, Art has done its utmost to make it worthy of Personages of the highest Condition, who resort to it; of a great Number of fine Ladies, who adorn it; and of a vast Concourfe of Gentlemen, who so frequently walk there. An Admif-
sion to it is prohibited to the Footmen, and Mob; it is very spacious, and capable to contain Multitudes at a Time, is situated on the Bank of the *Seine*; and the Prospect of that River, of the Hills, and adjacent Plains, greatly heightens its Beauty and Allurements. The large Walks under numberless Trees that yield a refreshing Shade, invite

* The *Tuilliers*.

invite to partake of its Pleasures, and when weary of Walking, there are several Seats, every where, to rest on ; and Lawns, Labyrinths, and Carpets of fresh Grafs to retire to, as to a delicious Solitude.

In *Dress*, is seen all that Luxury can devise, to affect, and captivate : The Ladies with Fashions always new, with their Attire, their Ribbons, their Jewels, and the agreeable Manner of dressing themselves, shew, in Tissues of Gold and Silver, their continual Application to display their Magnificence.

The Men, on their Part, as vain as the Women, with their Feathers, Sword-knots, and flaxen Perriwigs, flock thither to endeavour to please, and to surprise Hearts ; but are often made Captives themselves ; for there want not *Diana's* who charm the *Endymions*. In this Place, so delightful, they rally, they talk of Love, of News, of Business, and of War ; they decide, criticize, dispute, and deceive one another ; and that Way every one diverts himself. In the Spring, various Sorts of Flowers regale the Eye ; and in the Summer, the Nightingales seem there to have chose their Abode, in their melodious Notes warbling out their Loves, and plaintive Songs. — Not one

for-

sorrowful Countenance is seen ; there, remov'd from Noise, all are gay and tranquil, no melancholy Subject heard in their Conversations. One would imagine, it was in this Retreat, where *Armida* came to disarm her *Renaldus*, and to rivet him in her Chains. This romantick Place is maintain'd at the Charge of the King ; and no Care is forgot to render it delightful. The King has plac'd over it a Governor, with several subaltern Officers ; and its Gates are always guarded. —— If it was decorated with a greater Quantity of Water, and some fine Marble Statues, the Eye would be still better pleas'd, and have nothing to wish for.

* I never have any where seen so many *Abbés*, and who more willingly wear the short Garment, little Band, and white Wig. Indeed, they are a singular Ornament of *Paris*, and the Refuge of the disconsolate Fair. As they have sprightly Wit, their Conversation is the more agreeable, and the more desir'd. I have found among them, some, most obliging, civil, and discreet. It were to be wish'd that the Multitude of them were lessen'd, by cutting off from this Rank, all those who have their Abbeys in the Conclave of the Moon, and imaginary Places.

G

Tho'

* *Abbés.*

Tho' the Men are laborious and ingenious in their Busines, the Women nevertheless do Half the Work. The handsomest of these attend in the Shops to draw in Chapmen; as they are extremely well drest, have harmonious Voices, and speech it artfully, they seldom fail, as I have said, to cajole us out of our Money, tho' we should have no Inclination to buy.

* On the *Pont-neuf* are met with Numbers of People giving away little Bills; some to replace lost Teeth, others, to make Glafs Eyes; and some of them to cure the Incurable; this, pretends to have discover'd the hidden Virtue of the Powder of some precious Stone, to beautify, and brighten the Complexion; that, assures you he makes the old young again; others take the Wrinkles from the Forehead, and Eyes; and make wooden Legs, to repair those carried away by the Bombs. In fine, every one has so strong and constant a Disposition to be doing something, that the Devil cannot tempt any one, but on Holy-days and Sundays. Farewel. May Virtue be your Guide, and Fortune your Attendant.

L E T-

* Quack.

LETTER IX.

* **A**S the *French* have found the Secret of impenetrable oyl Skins, they laugh at Drowning ; the Time is come of walking on the Sea, and on great Rivers, securely, and without the Help of the Cloak of *Elias*. A Man clad in those Skins, is carried on the Top of the Water, without wetting himself ; and that Experiment has been so often seen, that no one any more wonders at it.

† Would you be a Man of Condition and Honour, at *Paris* for six Months only, and afterwards become a Villain ? Change your Lodgings, and no Mortal will know you. Would you live *there* unknown all your Life ? Go and lodge in a House where there are eight or ten Families, he who lives nearest you shall be the last that knows who you are. Have you a Mind to be, to-

G 2 Day,

* This hints at a Virtuoso, more curious than wise, who invented a Sort of Machinery for walking on, or rather in, the Water, Part of which was oyl Skin ; but answering no End, was soon ridicul'd and exploded.

† Liberty at *Paris*.

Day, cover'd with Gold Lace, and, to-Morrow to put on Linsey-Woolfy? No Body will discern it, and you may go the City through like a Prince, or a Scoundrel.

I have seen one *Sunday*, in one Parish, produce sixty-five Marriages. —— It is said there are here about four thousand Sellers of Oysters; that, every Day, are eaten fifteen hundred large Oxen, and more than sixteen thousand Sheep, Calves or Hogs, besides an immense Quantity of Poultry, and Wild-Fowl. —— The People expend a Million, every Year, for their Diversion at the Opera, and other Theatres. —— They reckon there are fifty thousand Hous-es, in each of which the Inhabitants are so numerous, that they are filled from the Garret to the Cellar; they likewise count five hundred great Streets, besides an infinite Number of little ones, ten Squares, many Markets, seventeen Gates, nine Bridges, as many Suburbs, and more than thirty Hospitals. There are a Multitude of Churches, and Colleges, many Libraries, publick and private, and Abundance of Cabinets, rich, and curious, adorn'd with Medals, and Paintings, and fill'd with the finest Rarities in *Europe*.

It is not the Custom here to lend any Thing, and it is sometimes a Kind of an Affront to offer to lend Money, or to borrow it. They never proffer Lodgings in their Houses to Strangers, nor even to their Friends.

There is in every Quarter of the Town a Magistrate, call'd a Commissary, who determines, on the Spot, little Disputes, and prevents Wrangling and Differences.

None who is not a *Frenchman* could bear to see Men comb publickly in the Streets, or the Women carrying little Mirrours in their Hands, (as is often the Practice of both) and the last going mask'd at all Times of the Year. The Youth divert themselves by all bodily Exercises, especially at *Tennis*, in a close cover'd Place; the old Men pass the Time, as they call it, at Dice, Cards, or telling News; and the Women play more commonly than the Men; but however make Abundance of Visits, and are constantly at the Theatres.

What is usual at *Paris*, is a World of Promises, and not one of them perform'd; Favours receiv'd, and Pleasure in forgetting them; many Fools in the Streets, and some
kept

kept at Home; but that which is rarely seen, is, Modesty, and Prudence; those are look'd on as Qualities of the Idle, Dull, and Old; very rare it is to find any one bashful and scrupulous: But what is never found, and what one would most ardently wish for, is Quiet, a Secret kept, and a faithful Friend.

For the Rest, Chocolate, Tea, and Coffee are much in Fashion; but Coffee is preferr'd to the other two, as a Remedy they hold to be sovereign against Melancholy, and Lowness of Spirits; so a Lady, lately, hearing that her Husband had been kill'd in Battle, "Ah! unhappy Creature " that I am"! says she, —— " quick, some " Body bring me some Coffee"; and she was presently comforted.

* Some Days ago, I could not tell whether it was still the Fashion to eat Bread; the Person who went to buy me some, came back and told me, that the twisted Loaves, the Bread I most lik'd, were no longer the Mode. —— The *Mode* is the true Devil that always torments this Nation; so far, that they no more even love the Wo-

* Variableness of the Fashions.

men as they did formerly ; and the more dissolute would look on the most tender Attachments as a Crime. —— Cravats have been wore so short, that they could scarcely be seen ; at present they are ty'd to the Neck, and hang down like *Bologna* Sauages. —— They no more wear Swords, but Scimeters. —— The *Boulonne* Dogs, at this Time, are thought ugly, and insupportable, and none are liked now, but those that have the Muzzle of a Wolf, and crop'd Ears ; and the uglier they are, the more they are honour'd with Kisses and Caresses. Perriwigs have also their Mode ; they were heretofore made in the *French* Manner, now they are worn in the *Spanish*. And, in fine, few Things are here esteem'd valuable, if not new, for Variety is the chief Pursuit of this fickle Nation.

My dear Friend, from our Sentiments of Benevolence to all the Race of Men, let us heartily pray to God, that he may give to *this People* the Spirit of Peace, and that the Martial Fury that influences it, may change itself into that salutary Mode that will bring Repose and Tranquillity to all *Europe*.

F I N I S.

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